# WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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## STORY OF MALINDA.

BY MRS. ROCHE.

[Continued from our laſt.]

LOVE, once admitted, ſteals ſilently and unperceived through all the devious labyrinths of the heart. He obſerved the aſcendency which his aſſumed virtues gained over my breaſt, and he ſeized a favorable opportunity to reveal his deſigns. A tender, artleſs, inexperienced girl, I ſaw not the errors into which my miſguided mind was leading me————but I will not attempt to palliate my tranſgreſſion. When the man on whom my heart had long reſted in perfect confidence of happineſs, wept over me with agonizing tenderneſs, Virtue, at a fatal moment, forſook her charge, and I conſented to forſake my parent.

"Oh, miſerable veteran in calamity! how often has the pinching hand of poverty afflicted thee! how often haſt thou looked up exultingly, and ſmiled with kindneſs on thy child!

"Villain! ſpecious villain! beneath the cloak of compaſſion to meditate a blow ſo dire, ſo abhorred, ſo inhuman! to tear from the boſom of an aged parent his laſt, his only ſupport, and cruſh at once two miſerable victims!

"My ſeducer conveyed me from the bowers of ſecurity and content to the regions of diſſipation and extravagance; but the noiſy tumult of giddy pleaſure had no power over the more tumultuous reproaches of my inward monitor. Pleaſure appeared to my mind ſtretched on the rack. Gay ſmiling innocence, the ſoothing cherub which gilded ſterile penury, and made content a conſtant gueſt at the ſtinted board, was irretrivably gone. The moſt ſplendid profuſion could furniſh no charms to pleaſe me: prodigality could purchaſe no ornament to delight my mind or eaſe my heart. I paſſed two years in a ſtate of miſery which the ſlaves who dig in the entrails of Golconda, thoſe wretched tools of avarice and ambition, would have pitied. The being at whoſe abſence my mind was uſed to pine and ſicken, at whoſe preſence my heart was uſed to beat with renovated pleaſure, became odious to my recollection. The idea of an injured father haunted me perpetually; and, in a moment of madneſs and deſpair, I tore from my hated form the gaudy trappings of vice, and precipitately fled from my betrayer's houſe.

"The hope of being received into my father's arms again, of cloſing my eyes upon his fond boſom, of mingling his bleſſings with my expiring ſighs, cheered my deſponding heart, and directed my trembling ſteps towards his habitation. It was then near the concluſion of the autumn, and the darkneſs of the evening had cloſed in as my wearied feet reached the place of his abode. Chill horror thrilled through all my veins as I ſurveyed the houſe. The windows were all barred; nettles covered the threſhold of the door, and the dreary look of deſolation which ſurrounded it, proclaimed that its inhabitant was gone. Every circumſtance of former happineſs, which I had enjoyed under its roof, ruſhed cruelly to my mind; I wrung my hands, I tore my diſhevilled hair, I acted like what I was————a lunatic.

"O!" I exclaimed as I lay upon the earth, "That I was deep interred! that the ſod which covers the moſt injured of men preſſed on my cold breaſt, a wretch! a wanderer! a fugitive! oh ſacred ſpirit of my much-injured parent, look down, look down upon the creature who was once thy favorite child! cancel her miſdeeds with an angel's forgiveneſs, and pray that death may ſoon releaſe her from her troubles!

"While I was thus bewailing the ſad conſequences of my fatal miſconduct, a violent ſtorm of rain, accompanied by univerſal darkneſs overſpread the hemiſphere, and filled me mith horror. I wandered for ſome time not knowing where I went. At length, I diſcovered a glimmering light beaming from a diſtant hovel; I crept towards it as well as I was able, and tapped at the door. An old woman, the only object viſible, opened it, and afforded me a ſhelter from the inclement night. So woe-worn as my form to her ſight ſhe had never before beheld. The tears of pity trickled down the furrows of her aged cheek, and perceiving my diſtreſs and fatigue, ſhe kindly invited me to ſhare her pallet of ſtraw. She brought me ſome homely food; but nature, worn out by grief and faſting, loathed all nutriment; and ſhe could only prevail with me to moiſten my parched lips with a little milk, warmed over the expiring embers of a fire. I laid my aching head upon the ſtraw, in hopes of reſt. The fatigue I had undergone kindly cloſed my eyes, but torturing fancy continued to diſturb my mind with images of horror. I awoke ſeveral times ſcarcely able to breathe, with a dew cold as the icicles of death, upon my forehead.

"While I lay diſordered and reſtleſs, a groan penetrated my ear; another followed which pierced me to the ſoul. I ſtarted in an agony; and waking the old woman, who lay ſnoring by my ſide, enquired from whence the ſounds proceeded. She informed me that a poor old man, who had for ſome time lodged in an inner room of her hut was extremely ill, and expected to die. I aſked her if he had any one with him to alleviate the deep pain he ſeemed to feel. She was about to anſwer: when the ſound of a voice, which will ever remain unobliterated upon my memory, ſtruck my ſenſe, and thrilled thro' every vein in my body. I ruſhed into the room, which was only a poor ſhed, ſeparated from that in which I lay by a rude partition, and on a heap of ſtraw I diſcovered the dying father of Malinda,---a half extinguiſhed candle caſt a dreary gleam of light acroſs the room. The winds whiſtled thro' the crevices of the hovel. His reſtleſs head ſeemed as if it was endeavoring to conceal itſelf from the cold and chilling blaſt. He was calling for drink.

"All gracious power!" I cried, "is this my parent? Oh, what," I ſighed wrung my hands, "are all the ſorrews I have felt to this? this is real woe; it leads to madneſs. Oh! Oh!—Oh! my parent! friend! darling—ſolace of my heart!" I preſſed his livid lips, cold with the icy hand of haſtening death. He knew me—but what paſſed I was for ſome time deprived of knowing.

"When I recovered from my ſwoon, I found the old woman ſupporting me in her lap. My father, who had vainly attempted to riſe, was regarding me with unutterable agonies. The ſcene that followed is too dreadful to relate; language could not paint it; and indeed my ſenſes were ſo diſordered, that I myſelf remain happily ignorant of almoſt all that paſſed Amidſt the pangs of diſſolution he careſſed bleſſed and pardoned me. He faintly cried, "Oh, vice—how horrid are thy depredations—hapleſs Malinda, its fated victim—my child, thy form beſpeaks thy penitence. The roſes of thy youth are faded; the ſmile of gaiety is flown; the luſtre of thine eyes is extinguiſhed by deſpair. May thy contrition render thee fit for that heaven which can now be thy only reſource for comfort—if you ſhould ſurvive your ſorrows, may you with humility warn others by your example. But oh, when you mention your ſufferings, mention alſo the folly of your parent. Bid other fathers beware of the ruin he has occaſioned to his child, and teach them not to place their children within the reach of danger, by idle expectations of advancement and ambition."

"On my boſom his forgiving, pure and fond ſpirit fled from ſorrow, want, and diſeaſe, to the manſions of the dead."

Malinda endeavored to proceed in the ſequel of her ſtory, but a burſt of tears ſtopped her utterance. She roſe ſuddenly from her chair to indulge the ſenſibility of her heart. For ſome time ſhe was unable to proceed; but ſhe, at length, conquered her ſorrow, and continued in broken accents.

"My betrayer had received immediate intelligence of my flight. Stung by remorſe at the treachery he had commiteh, he purſued me;--and at this awful moment, diſcovering my retreat, dared to break in once more upon the privilege of wretchedneſs. When he beheld me, my haggard looks betrayed evident marks of approaching mortality. Guilt ſhook his ſoul to its inmoſt receſſes, and all the wrongs of injured innocence roſe dreadful to his view. He ſighed, he fell proſtrate at my feet; he groaned forth his ſorrow and offered to repair the violence he had committed by making me his wife.

"Villain," I cried with indignity, "doſt thou imagine that either thy hand or thy fortune can make reparation for the injuries I have received? can thy grief, thy penitence, reanimate the dead? can the polution of infamy be waſhed away by remorſe? when I conſidered you a man of virtue, I loved, I adored you. The wild world has not a woe in it that I would not have patiently bore for your ſake—but my ſoul now turns from you with abhorrence. You are the betrayer of my happineſs and your own honor. Look, look on that pale corpſe, the victim of our crimes, Oh, think how you have converted his bleſſing into a curſe, and rendered his daughter his executioner."

"He obſerved every nerve of my feeble frame ſtrained with agony: he ſaw my eyes fix within their burning ſockets; he ſaw the ſigns of riſing frenzy in my countenance; and he knew—oh terrible—he knew himſel to be my deſtroyer. The tribunal at which he muſt one day anſwer for his crimes ruſhed to his imagination, and he fell in agony to the ground.

"Did his ſighs gratify my ears? no—I was not ſanguinary or vindictive; but I acknowledge

...y while I bent in sympathizing pity over the man who had stolen my virgin affections.

My daughter was now prostrate, a penitent and humble wretch, at my feet. My mind was unequal to the intensity of my contending passions. My senses failed; she continued for two years insensible to my woe.

[To be concluded in our next.]

## ON POLITENESS.

POLITENESS in words, says one of the most distinguished writers of the French nation, depends first on our being perfectly well instructed in our own language; on our employing, without affectation, the most judicious and proper expressions; and on suiting the tone of our voice, and our actions, or gestures, to the subject we are speaking upon, and the persons we are speaking to; to behave with gravity when among the aged and experienced; to be serious with those whose character or virtue claim respect, gay and cheerful with the ladies, free and merry with young people, open with our friends, and every preserving, in all the different characters, a certain air or sweetness, which may make us agreeable wherever we appear, by intermixing all we say with a certain insinuating charm, that may delight the heart more than the ear. True politeness requires also, that we utter not a word which may disgust the person we are talking to, that we examine carefully whatever may be pleasing to him, that we accompany every thing we say with words expressive of the high esteem we have for him; that we discover an air of probability in our actions, and the sentiments of a man of honor. No indecent word must ever disgrace our discourse, not even under the color of mirth; but our genius must shine forth in beautiful, delicate thoughts, which may imply more than is expressed. We must not endeavor to raise guilty mirth by slanderous discourses; but, on the contrary endeavor to win friendship of every one by giving a favorable turn to things; since it is certain that all persons, the wicked excepted, may have something valuable in them. People of a depraved taste, who are constantly going out of the common road, imagine that the more they depart from nature, the more they please; and, filled with this chimera, they have affectedly struck into cross-paths, which, instead of conducting to the art of pleasing, has thrown them into ridicule. Persons of good sense, of either sex, will always distinguish in others the difference between rusticity and politeness, and will learn more from observation than they possibly can from written instructions.

## INCENSE FOR SOVEREIGNS.

Valerius Maximus, a moral historian, invokes the divinity of Tiberius, and tells him, that "He hath the advantage of other writers, who have implored the assistance of Jupiter, and the other gods; for their godhead, says he, we only believe, and take upon trust; thine we behold, present, and know; the other gods we have received; thee, thy father, and grandfather (Augustus and Julius) we have given to heaven."

This is carrying flattery as far as one would wish, but Florio, one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber to Queen Anne of Denmark, (wife to James I.) carries it still farther; for in his translation of Montigne's Essays, dedicated to her majesty, he styles her, "Di magnanimita, viru, beltade incomparabile somma divina."

Philip of Macedon, after having defeated the Athenians at Chæronea, was yet so moderate as to own he was not a god; and for fear he should not be able to contain himself in this modest mood, or that his courtiers would not believe him, he employed a man to come to him every morning, and call aloud, "Remember, Philip, that thou art a man."

It was an exquisite instance of flattery in a maid of honor in France, who being asked by the Queen what the hour was, answered, what your majesty pleases.

### ANECDOTE.

Female dress of the modern Parisian cut, however defective in point of that ornament vulgarly called clothing, must at least be allowed to be not entirely without its advantages. If there is danger of its making the gentleman too prompt to advance, let it not pass unobserved that it also fits the lady to escape. Unlike the dull drapery of petticoats, worn some years since, but now banished to the nursery or the kitchen, the present light substitute gives a jaunty air of celerity which says, or seems to say---Catch me if you can. Decked in pellucid garments, some of our lovely nymphs appear at once to prepare for flight and to solicit pursuit.

## THE PROSTITUTE.

AN ELEGY.

COME gentle Pity: read while Henry shews,
A mingled scene of happiness and woes;
Visions of Pleasure, Grief, Joy and Fear,
And consecrate the picture with---a tear.
See by yon lamp's disguis'd and sickly ray,
See where yon Figure marks its lonely way:
How oft she heaves th' involuntary sigh,
How oft she wipes her pale and weeping eye.
'Tis Mary's form!---destin'd to endless grief,
None to protect her---none to give relief,
Cast on the world's unkind and rocky shore,
She wanders far from mild Compassion's door.
---Young Selim once profess'd to love the maid,
And Mary innocent his love repaid,
Sweet prospects smil'd, and Hope's illusive ray,
Promis'd the sunshine of a happy day.
For him she ventur'd Virtue to forsake,
Murder'd sweet Innocence for Selim's sake;
But, hapless girl!---receiv'd on Selim's part
Affliction's arrow!---and a broken heart.
Cease cruel then, her errors to proclaim,
'Twas thine to rob her of her dearest name,
Wedded to Sorrow, she has much to fear,
For thou hast left her nothing but---a tear.
Oh! shame to manhood---shame to reason's name,
For what man seeing thus his brother's shame;
And having a man's heart, (do all he can)
That does not blush, to think himself a man.
An orphan'd blossom now, she fades away,
And soon shall slumber 'neath the valley's clay,
Then may Compassion weep o'er Mary's bier,
And blot her errors out with---pity's tear.
She had no brother, Folly's flights to chide,
She had no sister, for a sister's guide.
No father's care, her infant steps have led,
No mother's fondness bound her little head.
Poor wretched girl!---I mourn thy hapless lot,
And Charity would have thy crimes forgot;
But how shall Virtue, her sad theme pursue,
And bless an orphan while she weeps for you!

Poughkeepsie, March, 1808. HENRY.

## A WISH FROM COWPER.

YE healthful gales, that from the bending thorn
Shake orient pearls, strew'd by the rosy morn;
Ye woods, and herbs that on the grassy hills
Imbibe rich moisture from the murm'ring rills;
Ye groves, whose shades imbrown the lowly vale,
Whose balmy fragrance scents the vernal gale;
Oh! could I now, as once, enjoy each vernal charm
Ye lent my youth on my paternal farm;
Charms, far from art and fear of change remov'd,
Which bless the leisure I have always lov'd!
How could I wish, that whilst with healthful force
The stream of life pursues its silent course;
By my own hearth, where no rude cares engage,
To wait the slow approach of placid age;
And, to eternity's unbounded sea,
When time hath roll'd my happy years away,
To lie beneath a sod, unknown to fame,
Or a flat stone, to tell my humble name.

## THE VERNAL MORN.

THE gloomy shades of night are flown,
Bright Phœbus gilds the morn,
And blushing from his eastern throne,
Impearls the dewy lawn.

Favonian gales on airy wings,
The taintless air perfume;
Each grove with vocal music rings,
And nature smiles in bloom.

The silver floods glide by their banks,
And fertilize the mead;
While tender lambs in sportive pranks,
Enjoy the verdant feed.

The rustics from their beds arise,
To till the fallow soil,
And gain by work the lawful prize,
Of unremitted toil.

Bright are the charms of early day.
When NANCY trips the plain,
And with a smile rewards the toy,
Of many a love-sick swain.

## ANECDOTE OF BONAPARTE.

Extracted from his Life, lately published.

ON the night ensuing the long and dreadful battle of Arcola, Bonaparte disguised himself in the dress of an inferior officer, and traversed the camp. In the course of his round, he discovered a centinel leaning on the butt-end of his musket in a profound sleep. Bonaparte, taking the musket from under him, placed his head gently on the ground, and kept watch for two hours in his stead; at the end of which the regular guard came to relieve him. On awaking, the soldier was astonished at seeing a young officer doing duty for him; but when, looking more attentively, he recognized in this officer the commander-in-chief, his astonishment was converted into terror. "The General!----Bonaparte!" he exclaimed; "I am then undone." Bonaparte, with the utmost gentleness, replied, "Not so, fellow soldier; recover yourself---after so much fatigue, a brave man like you may be allowed for a while to sleep; but in future, chuse your time better."

## THE MAMMOTH.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

TEN thousand moons ago, when nought but gloomy forests covered this land of the fleeping Sun; long before the pale men, with thunder and fire at their command, rushed on the wings of the wind to ruin this garden of nature.---When nought but the untamed wanderers of the wilderness and men as unrestrained as they, were lords of the soil---a race of animals exilted huge as the frowning precipice, cruel as the bloody panther, swift as the descending eagle, and terrible as the Angel of night, The pines crashed beneath his feet, and the lake shrunk when he flaked his thirst; the forceful javelin in vain was hurled, and the barbed arrow fell harmless from their side---Forests were laid waste at a meal---the ground of expiring animals were every where heard; and whole villages inhabited by men were destroyed in a moment. The cry of universal distress extended even to the region of peace in the west, and the good Spirit interposed to save the unhappy. The forked lightning gleamed all around, and loudest thunder rocked the globe. The bolts of Heaven were hurled upon the cruel destroyers alone, and the mountains echoed with the bellowing of death. All were killed except ONE Male, the fiercest of the race, and him even the artillery of the skies assailed in vain. He ascended the bluest summit which shades the source of the Monongaheli, and roaring aloud, bid defiance to every vengeance. The red lightning scorched the lofty firs, and rived the knotted oaks, but only glanced upon the enraged monster. At length maddened with fury, he leaped over the waves of the west at a bound, and this moment reigns the uncontroled monarch of the wilderness, in despite of Omnipotence itself.

## PROOF OF CIVILIZATION!

THE writer of a modern book of travels, relating the particulars of his being cast away, thus concludes: "After having walked eleven hours without tracing the print of a human foot, to my great comfort and delight, I saw a man hanging upon a gibbet. My pleasure at this cheering prospect was inexpressible, for it convinced me that I was in a civilized country."

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE rage for politics has infected every order in society, and even country lawyers affect the language of the corps diplomatique. A provincial attorney lately advertised an estate for sale, or to be exchanged for another, in the following terms

"That he is appointed plenipotentiary to treat in this business; that he has ample credentials, and is prepared to ratify his powers; and that he will enter on preliminaries, either upon the principal of the status quo, or uti possidetis; that he is ready to receive the project of any person desirous to make the purchase or exchange, and to deliver his contre projet and sine qua non, and indeed at once to give his ultimatum! assuring the public, that as soon as the definitive treaty shall be concluded, it will be ratified by his constituents, and duly guaranteed."

### REMARK.

FLATTERY in the piquant sauce that pamper'd or vitiated understandings require to make life palatable. Not a creature can obtain credit for not relishing it. 'Tis like salt, the ingredient that favors every viand; no table is complete without it. When offer'd, you cannot refuse it without offending. Acceptance is indirect flattery; so is praising a second person who is favor'd by the first.

## SONNET.

IF life be vain, on what shall man depend!
Depend on virtue. Virtue is a rock
Which stands forever; braves the frowning flood,
And rears its awful brow, direct, to heaven.
Though virtue soar not from the grave, she gives
Her votaries to the stars; she plucks the sting
From the grim king of terrors; smooths the bed
Of anguish, and bids death, tho' dreadful, smile.
Death smiles on virtue: And his visage, black
Yet comely seems. A Christian scorns the bounds
Where limited creation said to Time,
"Here I have end." Rapt'rous, he looks beyond
Or time or space; he triumphs o'er decay;
And fills eternity; the next to God.

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### ANECDOTE.

After the failure of the expedition to Ferrol in the year 1800, under the command of Sir James Murray Pulteney, a redezvous of the troops took place in the Bay of Gibraltar. Some officers happening to land, General O'Hara, the governor of that fortrefs, aſked what the real object of the attempt had been. An officer replied, "it was only meant as a DIVERSION."—"And ſo it has proved," exclaimed the governor, "for Europe has been DIVERTED from one end to the other by it.

## SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1802.

A LITERARY FAIR, (ſimilar to thoſe annually holden at Leipſic in Germany) was held in this city laſt week. Bookſellers attended from various parts of the United States, and after completing the buſineſs for which they aſſembled, ſat down on Friday afternoon to an elegant entertainment, provided for them at the City Hotel, Broadway. The utmoſt harmony and conviviality prevailed, and the following toaſts were drank amid reiterated plaudits.

1. The Republic of Letters.

2. The memory of Fauſt and Gottenburg, inventors of the printing art.

3. The memory of Franklin, the patron of American printing.

4. May Literature, like Liberty, be loved by every American.

5. The Preſs; may it never be employed with effect, but in defence of the beſt intereſts of mankind.

6. Remorſe and Repentance to the man whoſe preſs or bookſtore is like Pandora's box, fraught with deſtruction to the morals of ſociety.

7. The friends of THIS FAIR---and all our fair friends.

8. May the modeſt ſheet of innocence never be ſullied by a foul impreſſion.

9. The elegant art of Engraving: may it be foſtered by the liberality of American Bookſellers.

10. The ſiſter arts of Letter founding and Paper making, Printing and Bookbinding.

11. May America increaſe in Rag Manufacturers, but never ſee her manufacturers in rags.

12. The American Literary Fair; may the benefits reſulting from it be as extenſive as the views of its ſupporters are liberal.

13. The American Authors; may their exertions be as lucrative to themſelves as they are beneficial to the Commonwealth.

14. May our Printers emulate the fame of the ELZEVIRS and BASKERVILLES of the old world.

15 May the man who proſtitutes his pen to taint the morals of the riſing generation be ſhunned as the worſt peſt of ſociety.

16. The day of our meeting; may it prove the epocha of brotherly love among the trade throughout the Union.

It was propoſed, and agreed to at the meeting, that a Literary Fair be held twice a year in one of the large cities in the United States; and the next at Philadelphia in the month of October.

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### *REPRESENTATIVES.*

The following perſons are choſen to repreſent the People of this State in the Congreſs of the United States, after the 4th of March 1803.

1ſt Diſtrict, John Smith, 2d do. Joſhua Sands, 3d do. Samuel L. Mitchell, 4th do. Philip Van Cortland, 5th do. Andrew M'Coid, 6th do Iſaac Bloom, 7th do. John Caſtine, 8th do. Henry W. Livingſton, 9th do. Killian K. Van-Renſſelaer, 10th do George Tibbits, 11th do. Barent Palmer, 12th do. David Thomas, 13th do. Thomas Sammans, 14th do. Eraſtus Root, 15th do. Gaylord Griſwold, 16th do. John Patterſon, 17th do. Oliver Phelps.

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### LOSSES

Suſtained by the different Powers on the Continent, in conſequence of the War with France.

The Houſe of Auſtria 1060 leagues in Germany, 3,629 355 ſouls, 9,314,135 florins of revenue.

Thirty-one Princes, having poſſeſſions on the left bank of the Rhine, 885 leagues, 1,960,575 ſouls, 14,163,134 florins of revenue.

Forty-three Counts having poſſeſſions on the ſame left bank, 75 leagues, 182,630 ſouls, 1,391,922 florins of revenue.

Abbies and Chapters, having ſeparate poſſeſſions, 4,212 leagues, 109 500 ſouls, 1,994,700 florins of revenue.

The Equeſtrian Order, 20 1-2 leagues, 52,600 ſouls, 409,300 florins of revenue.

The Chapter of Cologne, one league, 2,500 ſouls, 61,890 florins of revenue.

Imperial cities to the number of five; four leagues, 99,000 ſouls, 523,000 florins revenue.

Holland, including her poſſeſſions in Belgium, 80 leagues, 218 000 ſouls, 1,300,000 florins of revenue.

The Imperial chamber of Wetzlar, 21,500 florins of revenue.

Total, 2168 leagues, 9,253,660 inhabitants, and 23 383,461 florins.

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On the evening of the 29th April, when the illuminations took place in London on account of the Peace, the houſe of William Cobbett, book-ſeller, in Pall-mall (the notorious Peter Porcupine) in conſiſtency with the ſame ſpirit of anti-pacific darkneſs which diſtinguiſhed it on the former illuminations for the ſignature of preliminaries, remained inexorably opaque. The mob, with equal conſiſtency, took umbrage, and vented their indignation on the windows, ſaſhes, ſhutters and every thing about the front of the houſe that was not impregnable to bludgeons and paving-ſtones.

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LONDON, April 28.

Downing ſtreet, April 26, 1802.

Laſt night one of the King's meſſengers, diſpatched by Anthony Merry, Eſq. his majeſty's miniſter Plenipotentiary to the French Republic, arrived with the Ratification by his Catholic majeſty, and by the Batavian government, of the Definitive Treaty of Peace, ſigned the 7th of laſt month; which were exchanged with Mr Merry againſt thoſe of his majeſty on the 2nd inſt. at Paris, by the plenipotentiaries of his Catholic majeſty and of the Batavian Republic.

By the KING.---A PROCLAMATION.

GEORGE R:

Whereas a Definitive Treaty of Peace and Friendſhip between us, the French Republic, his Catholic Majeſty, and the Batavian Republic, hath been concluded at Amiens, on the 27th day of March laſt, and the ratifications thereof have been duly exchanged; in conformity thereunto, we have thought fit thereby to command that the ſame be publiſhed throughout all our dominions: and we declare to all our loving ſubjects our will and pleaſure, that the ſaid Treaty of peace and friendſhip be obſerved inviolably as well by ſea as land, and in all places whatſoever; ſtrictly charging and commanding all our loving ſubjects to take notice thereof, and to conform themſelves thereunto accordingly.

Given at the Court of Windſor, the twenty ſixth day of April, one thouſand eight hundred and two, in the forty-ſecond year of our reign.

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Extract of a letter from Alexandria, Jan 18.

"A moſt horrible tranſaction took place juſt before I left Roſetta. Several unfortunate girls, natives of the country, to the number of about thirty, who had been kept by Engliſh officers and others, were, at the moment of being deſerted by their lovers, murdered in cold blood by the Turks, and the bodies were thrown into the Nile. A ſimilar act was perpetrated at Cairo, when that place was evacuated by the French, and is feared that many wretched females at Alexandria will ſhare the ſame fate, on the departure of our troops."

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For ſale by J. Harriſſon, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THE

Father and Daughter,

A TALE.


## COURT OF HYMEN.

HAS Love, fair maid, thy tender heart enſnar'd?
Here thou may'ſt find a remedy prepar'd;
Its genial influence nymphs and ſwains have try'd,
Then haſte to Hymen's ſhrine and act the Bride.

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### MARRIED.

On Monday the 24th ult by the Rev. Mr Hobart, Mr DAVID BURGER, of Charleſton, to Miſs JANE BURGER, daughter of Mr Elias Burger, jun. of this city.

On Thurſday the 27th ult by the Rev. Dr Beach, Mr GEORGE CAINES, late Counſellor at Law in the Iſland of Bermuda, to Miſs CORNELIA VERPLANK, widow of the late Gulian Verplank, Eſq.

On Tueſday evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr M'Knight, Mr JACOB WARNER, from Germany, to Miſs CATHARINE NEWELL, daughter of the late Andrew Newell, deceaſed.

On Thurſday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr Collier, Mr JOHN B. MURDOCK, merchant, to Miſs SARAH WRITTEN, both of this city.

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In Hanover, (N. H) Mr SAMUEL LACOUNT, to Miſs DEBORA SPRIGS.----The Dartmouth Gazette gives the following neat couplet on this union:

Hail, happy Man! who from the many twigs
Of Hymen's trees has pluck'd the beſt of ſprigs.

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### *MORTALITY.*

LORD, what is man! the coyeſt, tendereſt flow'r
Is not ſo ſubject to the leaſt annoy!
A breeze can bliſt this bloſſom of an hour,
A ſun-beam blight it, and a froſt deſtroy.

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On Friday laſt week, as part of the family of Mr THOMAS LEGGETT, merchant of this city, was coming in a boat to town from his farm near Hell Gate, it upſet, and two of his children were unfortunately drowned. The remainder of thoſe who were in the boat, with great difficulty reached the ſhore in ſafety.----One of the bodies, was, on Thurſday, diſcovered by ſome fiſhermen at the entrance of Haerlem river,---it was brought to town the ſame evening, and yeſterday morning interred in the Friends' burying ground

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THEATRE.

Mr. HALLAM

Reſpectfully informs his friends and the public, that his Benefit is fixed for

*MONDAY EVENING*, June 14th,

When will be preſented a new Comedy, never performed here, called, The

Votary of Wealth,

Or, Modern Friendſhip

To which will be added, a Comedy, compreſſed in 3 acts, called,

The Comet,

Or, NEW PHILOSOPHY.

With other Entertainments, which will be expreſſed in the bills of the day.

Vivat Reſpublica.

---

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

An Apprentice to a genteel buſineſs.----A Youth from 14 to 16 years of age, of reputable connections, and good diſpoſition, may hear of an eligible ſituation, by applying to the printer of this paper. June 12.

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TICE'S

Much improved and celebrated Water Proof SHINING LIQUID BLACKING,

For Boots and Shoes, and all Leather that requires to be kept black; is the beſt preſervative and the greateſt beautifier of Leather ever offered to the public. It never corrodes nor cracks the Leather, but renders it ſoft and ſmooth, and never foils. Black Morocco that has loſt its luſtre, is reſtored equal to new by the uſe of this blacking. For ſale, wholeſale and retail, (at the prices of the manufacturer, who has removed to Virginia) in bottles, with printed directions for uſe, with J. TICE'S ſignature, as none elſe are genuine, by G. CAMP, No. 143 Pearl-ſtreet.

June 12. 12

## COURT OF APOLLO.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

### THE MEDICINE CHEST

A Careleſs ſurgeon of a man of war,
Who ſeldom minded much the fickly tar,
But always, with him whatſo'er the matter,
Preſcrib'd a plenteous doſe of ſea ſalt water,
Wiſhing for once to have a cruiſe on ſhore,
A friend, perhaps to viſit one or more;
In going down the veſſel's lofty ſide,
He got a ſlip and plung'd into the tide:
On deck the captain ſtrutting to and fro,
Heard the loud ſplaſh and buſtle down below;
And calling in a ſharp imperious tone,
Deſir'd to know what fun was going on.
"Only ſir," cry'd a tar who lov'd his jeſt,
"The doctor's ſlipt into his MED'CINE CHEST."

### MARY'S LOVE.

A BALLAD.

MY morn of life, how gay, how bleſt!
How ſweet each moment flew!
No ſighs diſturb'd my tranquil breaſt,
For care I never knew.
I doated on my little cot,
Nought could my ſtate improve;
Felicity was EDWARD's lot,
For he had MARY's love.

Each morning with the lark I'd wake,
With her bright carol cheer'd,
And labor, for my MARY's ſake,
A pleaſing taſk appear'd;
The pomp of ſplendor I deſpis'd,
I lov'd my peaceful grove;
But the chief treaſure that I priz'd
Was gentle MARY's love.

I thought the noon of bliſs arriv'd,
Alas! 'twas but the morn;
I toil'd in vain, no cattle thriv'd,
And blighted was my corn,
'Gainſt all thoſe ills, though ſore oppreſt,
With fortitude I ſtrove;
But keener pangs ſoon rent my breaſt,
I loſt my MARY's love.

### DROLL EPITAPH.

HERE lies honeſt Ned
Becauſe he is dead:
Had it been his father,
We had much rather;
Had it been his mother,
Then better than t' other;
Had it been his ſiſter,
We ſhould not have miſs'd her;
But ſince 'tis honeſt Ned,
There's no more to be ſaid.

### ANECDOTE.

THE cauſe tried lately at York, where a Lady was ſaid to have perſuaded her Lover to accompany her to Gretna-Green, is the more extraordinary as this is not leap year. A caſe ſomewhat ſimilar occured ſeveral years ago: a young gentleman went to conſult Sergeant Maynard (author of a book entitled Law Quibbles) how he might ſafely carry off an Heireſs. "You cannot do it at all with ſafety," ſaid the Sergeant, "but I'll tell you what you may do;—let her mount a horſe, and hold the bridle and whip; do you then mount behind her, and you are ſafe, for ſhe runs away with you." The Sergeant was however ſufficiently puniſhed for his quibbling advice, when next day he found it was his own daughter that had run away with his client.

[London Paper.

### SCRAP.

It is the flatterer who injures us, not our revilers.


### BOARDING.

MRS. BLAIR has taken the houſe No. 51, corner of Cortlandt and Greenwich ſtreets, (lately occupied by Mrs. Barber,) where ſeveral Gentlemen can be accomodated by the year, or leſs time. May 18.


## MORALIST.

VIRTUE is of intrinſic value and good deſert, and of indiſpenſable obligation; not the creature of will, but neceſſary and immutable; not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the Divine mind; not a mode of ſenſation but everlaſting truth; not dependant on power, but the guide of all power. Virtue is the foundation of honor and eſteem, and the ſource of all beauty, order and happineſs in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reaſonable being, to which they ought to be abſolutely ſubſervient; and without which, the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities, and the greater curſes they become.

The uſe of it is not confined to any one ſtage of our exiſtence, or to any particular ſituation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumſtances of our beings. Many of the endowments and talents we now poſſeſs, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will ceaſe entirely with the preſent ſtate; but this will be our ornament and dignity in every future ſtate, to which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learning will vaniſh away, and all the arts of life be ſoon forgot; but virtue will remain forever.

Such is the importance of virtue.—Of what conſequence therefore is it that we practiſe it! There is no argument or motive, in any reſpect, fitted to influence a reaſonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous diſpoſition of ſoul is preferable to the greateſt natural accompliſhment and abilities, and of more value than all the treaſures in the world.

If you are wife, then, ſtudy virtue, and contemn every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember, that nothing elſe deſerves one anxious thought or wiſh. Remember, that this alone is honor, glory, wealth, and happineſs. Secure this, and you ſecure every thing. Loſe this, and all is loſt.


### FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX,

The Genuine French Almond Paſte,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and ſoftening the ſkin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a moſt exquiſite delicacy—this article is ſo well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and ſold by F. Dubois, Perfumer, No. 81 William-ſtreet New-York.

Likewiſe to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete aſſortment of every article in his line, ſuch as Pomatums of all ſorts, common and ſcented Hair Powders, a variety of the beſt Soaps and Waſh Balls, Eſſences and Scented Water, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roſes, Aſiatic Balſam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Strops of the beſt kind, handſome Dreſſing Caſes for Ladies and gentlemen complete, Toroiſe ſhell and Ivory Combs, Swanſdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and curling Irons, &c.

93 3m

### NEW CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

THE young ladies and gentlemen of this city are reſpectfully informed that the ſubſcriber, having on hand a ſmall collection of books well calculated for the inſtruction and amuſement of juvenile readers, has formed a Circulating Library. The collection though ſmall, is intereſting, and if the proprietor meets due encouragement, will be enlarged till it becomes more worthy of general attention. It conſiſts of celebrated works in Hiſtory, Biography, Poetry, Miſcellany, and a handſome ſelection of novels, the moſt celebrated and approved. The terms may be known by applying to the proprietor at No. 79 Beekman-ſtreet.

Every favor from either the ladies or gentlemen will be gratefully acknowledged, by their very humble ſervant,

June 1. M. NASH.

N.B. The only hours of admittance to the Library, at preſent, will be 6 to 8 o'clock in the evening. 10 tf.

### DRAWING.

THE public are reſpectfully informed, that JOHN JARVIS has removed his DRAWING SCHOOL to No. 28 Frankfort-ſtreet, where he continues to inſtruct young ladies and gentlemen in that Polite Art. May 8.

STAMPED PAPER,

Sold at J. Harriſſon's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

### EDUCATION.

B. LEONARD reſpectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has opened his Academy No 28 Frankfort-ſtreet, where he teaches the Latin and French Languages, Book-keeping in the Italian or other methods, Navigation, Geometry, Plain, Oblique and Spheric Trigonometry Heights and Diſtances, Algebra, &c. and the various branches of Engliſh Education. He has opened a Morning School in the ſame place for Young Gentlemen and Ladies, in either of the above branches of Literature. He is perſuaded that his diligence in attention will inſure him the approbation of thoſe who are pleaſed to favor him with their patronage. May 29: 99 tf 4w

### Gardner's Genuine Beautifying Lotion

Is acknowledged by many of the moſt eminent of the faculty to be infinitely ſuperior to any other Lotion that ever has been uſed, for ſmoothing and brightening the Skin, giving animation to beauty, and taking off the appearance of old age and decay. It is particularly recommended as an excellent reſtorative for removing and entirely eradicating the deſtructive effects of Rouge, Carmine &c. Thoſe who through inadvertency make too free uſe of thoſe artificial heighteners of the bloom, will experience the moſt happy effects from uſing GARDNER's LOTION, as it with reſtore the ſkin to its priſtine beauty, and even increaſe its luſtre. It expeditiouſly and effectually clears the ſkin from every deſcription of blotches, pimples, ringworms, tetters and prickly heat. A continued ſeries of the moſt ſatisfactory experience, has fully proved its ſuper-excellent powers in removing freckles, tan, ſun-burns, redneſs of the neck and arms, &c. and reſtoring the ſkin to its wonted purity. In ſhort, it is the only coſmetic a lady can uſe at her toilette with eaſe and ſafety, or that a gentleman can have recourſe to, when ſhaving has become a troubleſome operation, by reaſon of eruptive humors on the face.

Prepared and ſold only by William Gardner, perfumer, Newark, and by appointment at Dr. Clark's Medicinal Store, No. 159 Broadway, and at Mr. John Cauchois's Jewellery Store, No. 196 do.—alſo at Mr. J. Hopkins's, No. 65 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Price—pints 1 dollar 25 cents—half pints 75 cents.

May 22d, 2m.

### EDUCATION.

N. MEAD, reſpectfully informs his friends and the public, that his ACADEMY, No. 10 Broad Street, is open for the education of youth of both ſexes.

In this ſeminary are taught the elements of the Latin and French Languages, Engliſh Grammar, Spelling, Reading, Writing, on approved principles by which the learner may acquire a knowledge of the Art in three months, Compoſition, Logic, Elocution, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Geometry, Trigonometry, Geography, Surveying, Navigation.

N. B. Lectures, on morals and manners, delivered once a week and the ſtudents examined quarterly.

April 25, tf.

### HUMORS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetters, Ringworms, Tan Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redneſs of the Noſe Neck or Arms, and Prickley Heat, are effectually cured by the application of

### DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This excellent remedy has been adminiſtered by the inventor, for ſeveral years while in England with the greateſt ſucceſs. By the ſimple application of this fluid for a ſhort time, it will remove the moſt rancerous and alarming ſcurvy in the face, which has foiled every other remedy. It poſſeſſes all the good qualities of the moſt celebrated coſmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended with confidence to every perſon ſo afflicted, as an efficacious and certain cure.

This Lotion is prepared (only) at Church's Diſpenſary, No. 137 Front-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. Y. Bottles, containing half pints, ſold at 75 Cents, and pints one Dollar 25 Cents. Feb. 6.

### M WATSON

Returns her ſincere thanks to the Public for their paſt encouragement, and hopes a continuance of their patronage. She has removed from No. 24 Maiden-Lane, to No. 114 BROADWAY, oppoſite the City-Tavern, where ſhe has for ſale, a large aſſortment of Ready made Linen of every deſcription, conſiſting of Shirts, Sheets, Cravats, &c. &c. on very reaſonable terms. A genteel aſſortment of Childbed Linen. March 27, 00 tf



*Printed & Edited by* JOHN HARRISSON,
No. 3 Peck-Slip.